PASQVILS IESTS:

WITH

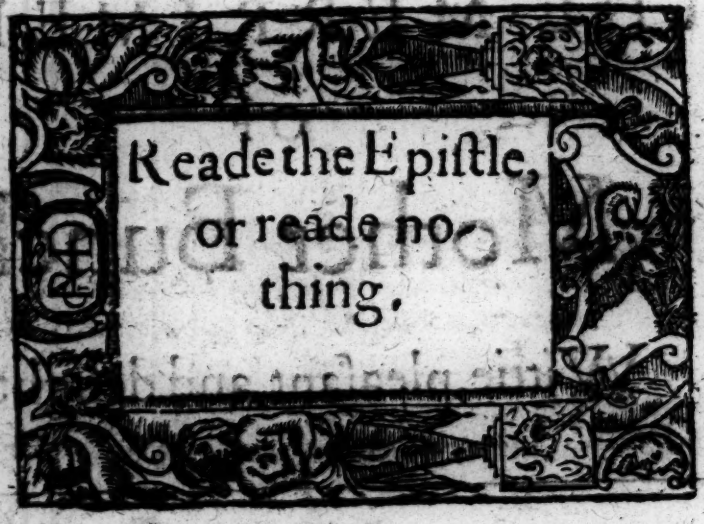
THE MERRIMENTS

OF

Mother Bunch.

Wittie, pleasant, and delightfull.

LONDON,
Printed by *M. F.* and are to be sold by *Francis Coles* dwelling in the Old-Baily.


Reade the Epistle,
or reade no-
thing.

TO THE MERRIE READER.

The deſcription of Paſquill *and Mother* Bunch.

MOſt pleaſant Reader, my onely ayme in writing this Booke, is but to make thee laugh, and to ſhorten the tediouſneſſe of a long Winters Evening. Know then, that noble *Paſquil*, the Author of theſe Jeſts, was in his time, the onely merry companion, who for Wit, Mirth, Eloquence, and Jovialty, was the merrieſt Grigg (as ſaith the Story) that I ever read of. Now for *Mother Bunch*, the only dainty, welfavoured, well proportioned, ſweet complexioned, and moſt delightfull Hoſteſſe of *England*, ſhe was ſquared into inches, being in height twelve thouſand and a halfe, wanting a fingers bredth jump, in bredth eleven thouſand, and two inches, and a nayles bredth juſt; ſhe ſpent moſt of her time in telling of tales, and when ſhe laughed, ſhe was heard from Algate, to the Monuments at VVeſtminſter, and all Southwarke ſtood in amazement, the Lyons in the Tower, and the Bulls, and Beares of Parish-Garden roar'd (with terrour of her laughter) lowder then the great roaring Megge, ſhee was once wrung with wind in her belly, and with one blaſt of her taile, ſhe blew downe Charing-Croſſe, with Pauls aſpiring

steeple, She danced a Galliard on Tower hill, and all the great Ordinance leapt for joy, and London shooke as it had been an earthquake; Her quotidian, or daily diet, was three fat Oxen, two boyled and one roasted, with the Intralls: twenty three fat Muttons, and a quarter, with the Heads and Gethers parboyld: fifteen dozen of fat Capons, with the wings and legs of seven dozen of yong Chickens: and to close up her stomack, ninety and nine dozen of Larks well roasted, and forty seven dozen of two penny wheaten bread, and to every loafe she drank a tun of her strongest May Ale, with Nutmeg and Sugar: Yet she never did rise from the table (as saith the story) but with a good appetite. For her signe shee perkt up her red nose, that ushered her face, red as scarlet, which when she stood upright, looked over the City like a blazing star. And when it appeared Bakers made haft, and Cookes came running, with whole Ovens ful of Pies, to bake at the sweltring heat which proceeded from her jolly red nose. A most pretious and rich nose it was, set with Rubies of all sorts, and hung in clusters like your French Grapes, which being well prest, yielded from the abundant goodnesse five tun of wel clarified liquor; She dwelt (as saith the Author) in Cornhill (neere the Exchange) and sold strong Ale, whose health to this day all jovial drunkards never do forget, the many vertues of her Ale is impossible for one penne to write. The Dutchmen were her best customers for a long time, untill the report of her Ale had spread it selfe all England over. Young men and Maydes frequented her house, more then either *Pymlico*, or the now flourishing *Totman-Court*.

She raised the spirits of her spiggot to such a height,

that Maids grew proud, and many proved with childe after it, and being asked who got the childe, they answered, they knew not, onely they thought Mother *Bunches* Ale, and another thing had done the deed, but whosoever was the father, Mother *Bunches* Ale had all the blame.

Shee was an excellent companion, and sociable, she was very pleasant and witty, and would tell a tale, let a Fart, drink her draught, scratch her Arse, pay her groat as well as any Chymist of Ale whatsoever. From this noble Mother *Bunch* proceeded all our great greasie Tapsters, and fat swelling Ale-wives, whose faces are blowne as bigge as the froth of their bottle-Ale, and their complexion imitating the out-side of a Cookes greasie dripping-pan, and you could hardly goe round about her in a Summer after-noone. Mother *Bunch* lived one hundreth, seventy and five yeares, two dayes and a quarter, and halfe a minute, and died in the prime of her charity, for had she lived but two moneths longer, she had knit Pauls a night-cap, and bought London bridge a payre of Pantoffles to keepe his feet out of the cold swelling water. But shee died, and left behind her these pleasant tales following, which she used to tell those nimble spirits, which drank deepe of her Ale, and as she changed their money, as was generally related.

These harmlesse lines that have no ill intent,
I hope shall passe in mirth as they were meant:
What I intend, is but to make you sport,
By telling truth to please the wiser sort:
And what it is, that I have aym'd at now,
The Wise may judge, for Fooles I care not, how.

Paſquils Jeſts, and Mother Bunches *Merriments.*

The Connicatcher and Prieſt of Paris.

A Lewd knaue, a Cheater, eſpied a wealthy Prieſt, whoſe purſe was full of money, lately arriued in the City of Paris out of the Countrey to buy neceſſaries, and with a bold face ſaluted him, requeſted his aid in a ſmall matter, concerning a matter of his owne calling. What's that (quoth the Prieſt?) It is ſir (quoth hee) this. The Parſon of our Towne hath giuen mee money to buy a Surpleſſe, and I hauing ſmall knowledge in it, would requeſt your ayde in the choyce of a good one, making no queſtion of your good ſkill. With all my heart (quoth the Prieſt.) Comming to the ſhop of ſale, the Connicatcher called for ſome choyce of Surpleſſes, and deſired the Prieſt to chooſe out one of the beſt. Which done, intreated him to aſſay it, whether it were in all points as it ought to be. The Prieſt was nimble at his game, for it was his dayly exerciſe, but the Cheater found fault with the making, bearing out ſuch an vncomely bolke at his right ſide. Oh (quoth the Prieſt) my girdle and pouch is cauſe of that, and immediately looſed his girdle and pouch, willing the Connicatcher to hold it, till he had better girted vp the Surpleſſe as it ought to be. The Conicatcher hauing as much as hee deſired, ſuddenly leapt out of the ſhop, and ranne away as faſt as hee could with the Prieſts girdle, and pouch full of money. The Prieſt turning about, and ſeeing his purſe and money flying for religion, made all the haſte hee could in the Surpleſſe after the Connicatcher, crying, and calling, Hold the Theefe, Hold

the

the Theefe. The Connicatcher cried out, Hold the Priest, for hee is mad, and will kill me: the Shopkeeper followed as fast as he could, and cried, Stop the Priest, for hee hath stolne my Surpliſſe. The people halfe amazed at this accident, laid hold on the Priest, but before he could declare his misfortune, the Connicatcher was gone far enough, not to be caught again in haſte. Which caused much good laughter, and the Priest payed for the Surpliſſe.

The dumbe wife recovered her ſpeech.

A Certaine Farmer had taken to wife a dumb woman, and hearing of a great Magician lately come into England, he tooke horſe and rode to him, and demanded if there were no help for a woman that had loſt her ſpéech. The Magician anſwered, Yes, it is an eaſie matter, and told him hée muſt take an Aſpen leafe, and lay it vnder her tongue, & it would inſtantly help her. The Farmer was ioyed with this tidings, and returned in all haſte homewards, ſuſpecting in himſelfe the vertue of his new receit, and therefore to make the matter more ſure, he tooke three Aſpen leaues, & laid them all three vnder his wiues tongue, who immediatly began to talk and prate very nimbly, and in the end vpon a very ſmall occaſion to curſe and raile downe right vpon her husband as if ſhée had béene mad. The Farmer was now in a peck of troubles, and poſted in all haſt to the Magician, certifying him of this vnhappy accident. The Magician demanded if hee abſolutely followed his counſell. The Farmer anſwered, No, for (quoth he) inſtead of one leafe, I haue vſed three, hoping to make the matter ſurer. Marry then God help thée (quoth the Magician) for it is an eaſie matter to make a woman ſpeake, but to make her hold her tongue is paſt my cunning. Nay, all the deuills in hell could neuer worke ſuch a wonder. Whereat the Farmer much grieued, departed.

A knack for a Cooke.

My selfe was once in Noremberg in Germany where an old man hauing his eyet in the house where I lay, and commminginto the kitchin, the maid complained of a great mischance. I asked her what it was? O (quoth shee) my Master and Mistresse wil beat me cruelly, for my Furmety is all burnt to. The old man sitting by the fire, and hearing the maides complaint, asked her what shee would giue him, and he would teach her a trick to alter the taste of being burnt to, and with no cost. I will giue you (quoth shee) two pots of good liquour, Content (quoth the old man) send for it presently, the wench ran in all haste and fetcht it: the old man began to drink a hearty draught, and gaue me also. Now (quoth hee) your Furmety tasteth of being burnt to; to alter that, take vp your cloathes and shite in the pot, and Ile warrant you it shall taste more of that then of burning to. The wench had a pestilent wit, and replied bashfully, I pray (quoth she) doe not tell any body, that you haue thus deceiued me, for then I shall be laughed to scorn. Marry then (quoth the old man) you must giue me another pot of Beere for secresie. With all my heart (quoth the wench) and tooke the pot and ranne into the Celler againe, and pist in it, bringing it to the old man: He (good old penny-father) was glad of his liquour, and beganne to drinke againe, but hauing tasted it, Oh out you whore (quoth he) this is no Beere, thou hast pist in the pot. True (quoth shee) if you can digest chitten Furmety, pist liquour can neuer hurt you. The wench was well pleased, the old man was angry, and my selfe ready to burst with laughter.

The drunken Dutchman.

A Dutchman liuing in Paris, hauing drunke more in one day then he had bled in twenty, was walking to his lodging late in the euening, from the Tauerne. By chance a maid (intending to empty the chamber-pot) cries out at the window,

Garde leu, that is, beware the vrin, (as the custome of the Citie is) the man amazed to heare so shrill a voice so late in the euening, stands still and puts off his hat, and listned for the voice againe vnderneath the Chamber window, shee emptying her pot just vpon his head, hee not dreaming of any thing but the vrine, rubs it off his head with his hand, and with somewhat else which was in the pot, all befmeares his head, face, and beard. At last smelling himselfe to stinke intolerably, The deuill take thée for a queane, quoth he, you bad me take héed of the Ale-pot, but here is more then halfe the tosse. Which moued much laughter in the mayd.

The Tanner and the Butchers dogge.

A Country Tanner that was running hastily through Eastcheape, hauing a long Pike-staffe on his shoulder, one of the Butchers dogges caught him by the brech. The fellow got loose, and ranne his pike into the Dogs throat, and killed him. The Butcher seeing that his Dog was kill'd, tooke hold of the Tanner, and carried him before the Deputy, who asked him, What reason he had to kill the dogge? For mine owne defence (quoth the Tanner.) Why, quoth the Deputy, hadst thou no other defence but present death? Sir, quoth the Tanner, London fashions are not like the Countries, for here the stones are fast in the streets, and the Dogs are loose, but in the Countrey, the dogs are fast tied, and the stones are loose to throw at them: and what should a man doe in this extremity, but v'e his staffe for his owne defence? Marry (quoth the Deputy) if a man will néeds vse his staffe, he might vse his blunt end, and not the sharpe pike. True Master Deputy, quoth the Tanner, but you must consider, if the Dog had vs'd his blunt end, and runne his taile at me, then had there béene good reason for me to doe the like: but I vow Master Deputy, the Dogge ranne sharpe at mee, and fastned his téeth in my brech, and I againe ranne sharpe at him, and thrust my pike into his belly. By my faith a crafty knaue, quoth the Deputy, if you will both

stand

ſtand to my verdict, ſend for a quart of wine, be friends, and ſo you are both diſcharged.

The fooles Horſe muſt goe on foot.

THe Duke of Saxons Fœle rode once behinde a Gentleman in Progreſſe, and chancing to let a fart, the Gentleman thruſt him downe backwards, and began to curſe, and ſaid, You damn'd Rogue, all farters muſt goe on foot by act of Parliament. The Fœle ſaid nothing, but got another horſe, and rode alone: it happened that that Horſe began to fart alſo. The Fœle ſkipt quickly from his backe, and unbridled and unſadled him, and ſet both ſaddle and bridle upon his owne head, driuing the horſe before him with a ſticke, and beganne to curſe the horſe, ſaying, You damn'd Rogue, all farters muſt goe on foot by act of Parliament. Which his neighbours ſæing, heartily laughed,

A tale of a Srivener of London and a Countrey man.

IT fell upon a Saturday being Market day, that a Country fellow of a nimble wit, and of the better ſort of husbandry, came to London, to lay out a little money upon ſome neceſſary trinkets: and having diſpatched his buſineſſe, after hee had prettily refreſhed his ſpirits with a pot of the ſtrongeſt Ale that the Alehouſe could afford him, made homeward very merrily: but by the way caſting his eye by chance upon a kinde of writers, that would haue bëene a Scriueners ſhop, and ſæing the maſter of the poor houſe, or the poore maſter of the houſe, ſitting alone in a rug gowne, wrapping in his armes, to auoid the bitterneſſe of the weather, minding to make himſelfe a little ſport, fell thus to ſalute the poore Pen-man: I pray you, maſter, what might you ſell in your ſhop, that you haue ſo many ding-dongs hang at your doore? Why, my friend, (quoth the Obligation

maker) I ſell nothing but Logger-heads. By my fay, maſter, quoth the Country man, you haue made a faire market with them, for you haue left none in your ſhop, but your ſelfe that I ſee: and ſo laughing, went his way, leauing much ſport to them that heard him.

A witty anſwere of a Countrey fellow.

ANother Country fellow, walking London ſtreets, and gazing vp and downe at euery ſight, he ſaw ſome mocke him, others pulled him by the cloake, in ſo much he could not paſſe in quiet. He hauing as much wit as the boyes knauery, thought hee would requite them for their kinde ſalutations, with ſomething to laugh at, and to try their wits: and comming to Pauls gate, where they ſell pinnes and needles, the boyes being very ſaucie, pulled him by the cloake, and one ſaid, What lacke you friend? another, What lacke you Country man? Quoth the fellow, minding to make himſelfe ſome ſport, I want a head for a Humble-Bee, or a payre of Spectacles for a blinde Beare: which ſo amazed the boy, that he had nothing to reply, and the Countrey man went laughing away.

A pretty tale of a poore man and a Lawyer.

A Poore man hauing beene much injured by an vnkinde neighbour, who by the power of his purſe would haue put him by the right of his land, went to a Lawyer dwelling not farre off, to whom hauing deliuered his griefe, he gaue the Lawyer little for his counſell, but a great many thankes, and Country curtſies, with God ſaue your life, and ſo forth: entreating him to let him know when he ſhould come again, and wait vpon him for his further aduice. Who anſwered him ſomewhat ſhort, When you will, neighbour, when you will. The poore man, vpon this (when you will) came oftentimes afterward to him, but found no will in the Lawyer to ſpeake with him. Whereupon the poore man telling his wife of his ill hap,

was

was aduiſed by her to take one of his beſt Lambs, and preſent it vnto him, and then he ſhould ſee what would follow: her counſell he allowed, tooke his Lamb, and went to the Lawyer: to whoſe gate he was no ſooner come, but the Lawyer hearing the bleating of his Lamb, opened his Windowe, called him vp, and in two words told him he vnderſtood his caſe, and all ſhould be well, wherewith he departed: meeting with his wife going to the Market, after they had beene at the Alehouſe, and taken a pot or two of the ſtrongeſt liquor, the poore man got him vp into the Market place: and there, hauing his throat well cleared, made this mad outcry: All ye that haue any matters to try in Law, get ye euery one a fat Lamb, and carry to your Lawyer: for one word of a Lambs mouth will be better vnderſtood of the Lawyer, and doe more good, then twenty of your owne, and he had rather haue one eleuen ſhillings peece, then all the Angels in heauen.

Of a Citizen of London, that had a flinging Horſe.

A Citizen riding to Edmonton, had his man attending him on foot, who came ſo neere, that the horſe ſolated him with a great blow on the thigh. The fellow thinking to be reuenged, tooke vp a great ſtone to throw at the horſe, and hit by chance his Maſter on the reines of the back. Within a while his Maſter looked back, and ſeeing his man come halting ſo farre behinde, chid him, ſaying, Thou lazy knaue, why commeſt thou no faſter? Sir, quoth his man, your horſe hath giuen me ſuch a blow on the thigh, that I can goe no faſter. Truely, ſaid his Maſter, the horſe is a great kicker, for likewiſe with his heele right now, he gaue mee a great ſtroake on the reines of my backe: when indeed it was his man that threw the ſtone, and came laughing behinde his Maſter.

Of the Countrey man that caught a Cutpurse.

IT chanced on a Bartholmew-day, when men kæpe Boothes in Smithfield, a Countrey Gentleman having some store of money (and no lesse honesty) about him, comming to the Faire, would amongst the rest nædes view the pictures at that time hanging in the Cloysters, where was then much variety of postures, personages, stories, landskips, and such like, which carieth away the Senses to a kinde of admiration for the present: and as he was thus gazing vp and doten, there comes a nimble diuer (as at that time there resorts many) and closes with him, and quickly drawes his purse forth of his pocket, and away he hyes him presently: the Gentleman mist his purse, but knew not how to helpe himselfe. Going home to his lodging, and pondering in his minde how either to regain his losses, or to be reuenged on the Pick-pocket, at length he bethought himselfe of this deuice: he caused an honest Taylor to sew a certaine number of Fish-hookes within, and round about the mouth of his Pocket, with the points of the hookes hanging downeward, and the next day hyes him to the same place, in another Country-like habit, and baites his Pocket with more money, and there hee stood gazing againe at the pictures, presently his former fish (or one of his fraternity) closes with him againe, and dines, which the Gentleman being watchfull of, giues a slip aside, and had presently strucke the nibling fish into the hand, and seeing him fast, begins to goe away, and the more he hastes away, the deeper the hookes went into the Diuers hand. Oh (quoth the Pick-pocket) How now Sir (quoth the Gentleman) what makes your hand in my Pocket? Pull it out I say: Oh sir (quoth he) I beseech you be good to me: Then people gathering together, imagined the Gentlman had an inchanted Pocket, and that the fellow had not power to pull forth his hand again, they would haue him afore a Iustice. No (quoth the Gentleman) Ile carry him my selfe, so away he went (with the fellowes hand in his Pocket) to a Tauerne, with two or three of his

his friends, and told him what he had lost there the day before, and vnlesse he would restore, hee would haue him before a Iustice: which match the fellow for feare of hanging, willingly condescended to surrender. And that ten pound and tenne shillings more towards the mending of his Pocket: so the Gentleman being well satisfied ript forth his pocket, and away went the Cutpurse, who had so much picking worke to get out of his hands, he could not vse his trade for a moneth after.

How cunningly a Knave deviſed to get money by his wit, for himſelfe and his two companions.

THree loytring companions that fell in company together, domineered and ſwaggered ſo long, that all their money was quite conſumed and gone. So being pennileſſe, and hauing little or no credit left, one of them ſaid, By my faith, we are now in a faire taking: for we may, if we pleaſe, ſeeke our Dinners with Duke Humphrey. Nay, ſounds (quoth the ſecond) if I come where any preſſe of people be, I can get money enough for vs all. Sblood, and I (quoth the third) can eaſily aſſemble people. They were at that time not much aboue two miles from a ſmall Towne in Barkſhire, where, when as thither they came, there was a new Pillory newly ſet vp, which the third of them ſeeing, ſteps to the Bailiffe, and deſires him to haue the maiden-head of their new Pillory. The Bailiffe being a Butcher, was halfe amazed, and ſtanding a while muſing, at the laſt aſked counſell of his honeſt neighbours, and they bad him ſet vp the Knaue and ſpare not. So he makes no more adoe, but vp he went, and when he was vp, hee looked about, and ſaw his two fellow Cheaters buſie with their hands in the holes of the Butchers aprons, where they put all their money. To it, to it (quoth he) apace. The people laughed heartily to ſee him ſtand there. At laſt, when he ſaw that his fellowes had ſped their matters, and were going away, hee ſaid to the Bailiffe, Turne the Pillory about, and now I

will

will come downe. So he laughing heartily, did. And when he was come downe, the Bailife ſaid, Now by my faith thou art a good fellow, and becauſe thou haſt made vs ſome ſport, I will giue thée a Teſter to drinke: and thinking to take ſome money out of the hole of his apron, hee found there neuer a penny. Cockes armes, quoth the Bailiffe, my money is picked out of my apron: and then the reſt of the Butchers beſides ſwore they had loſt theirs alſo. I hope, quoth the fellow, you doe not think that I haue it. No by my troth, quoth the Bailife, I know well enough thou haſt it not: for thou wert on the Pillory all the while. Why then no harme, for I did it to make you merrie, quoth the fellow, and ſo went his wayes.

A Milke-maids anſwer to a ſcoffing Companion.

A Scoffing companion walking into the fields, ouertooke a handſome Milk-maid going a milking being bare-legg'd, as in the Country ſome vſe to go, thus ſaluted her, Faire maid, how long haue you worne thoſe ſtockings? Sir, quoth ſhee, theſe ſtockings and a payre of Breeches of the ſame, I haue worne this three and twenty yeares, and haue but one hole in them, which you may put your noſe in. And ſo ſhée departed laughing.

A merry anſwer to a merry queſtion.

A Merry Companion going through the ſtréets of London, eſpied by chance a handſome Laſſe going before him, and with one hand ſhe held vp her clothes behinde, to keepe them from the durt, it being in the middle of Winter, which hee noting, ſtept to her, and thus ſaluted, Miſtris, will you let a Leaſe of your tayle, you haue it in your owne hand: Sir, quoth ſhe, if your noſe will turne tenant. At which witty anſwere hee laughing departed.

How

How an Usurer lost ten pounds.

AN old Usurer, being a notable fornicator, and keeping a pretty handsome wench to be his Valentine, had in their familiarity lent her ten pounds, and after falling out with her, he demanded his ten pounds againe, which she denied: he bringing her before a Judge, who asked her if she had not borrowed ten pounds of this man? No, and shall please your Lordship, quoth shee. Doe you deny that you had tenne pounds of him? No my good Lord (quoth shee) I had ten pounds of him, but he gaue it me. For what (quoth the Judge?) For kissing and feeling (quoth she.) Kissing and feeling (quoth the Judge) what's that? My Lord, quoth she, hee kist my (Arse) and felt my Elbow. At which the Judge heartily laughed, and the Usurer lost his ten pounds.

The witty reply of a Sergeant.

IN the famous City of London (in the reigne of William Rufus,) a Sergeant of the Mace kneeling before the then Lord Maior, to haue a certaine Bill assigned with his Lordships hand, and kneeling somewhat long, being much troubled with the Winde-collick, which rumbled in his belly, in so much that he let a great fart, that all the Hall sounded with the loud noise thereof: Another standing by, being much troubled with the same disease, and hearing what had past from the Sergeant, said, Why groane you, my friend? The Maior hearing the businesse, said with a smiling countenance, I neuer knew vntill this day a Sergeant had authority to let goe a prisoner, and it is against the Law: Good my Lord (quoth the Sergeant) hee was a troublesome inmate, and crept through the key-hole, and necessity hath no law: which made much good laughter.

A knavish answer of an vnhappy Countrey wench to a foolish young fellow.

A Certaine idle headed young man, that loued to heare himselfe prate, though it were of matter to little purpose, vpon a faire day riding to a Market towne, ouertooke by chance, among other creatures of her owne kinde, an indifferent well fauoured, and well growne Country wench, whom singling by her selfe as much as he could, he fell to discoursing with, in an odde maner of loue-making: when beginning very low, marking her new shoo fast hanging ouer her dossers, began with this commendation: Truely Sister, you haue a very fine foot there. Yea sir, (quoth the wench) that I haue a couple. The young man thinking to shew some little wit, in a scoffe replied with this speech: But are they Twins, sister? Were they both borne at one time? No indeed sir (quoth the woman) there hath beene a man borne betwixt them. Wherewith her neighbours that rode by her, falling into a laughter, made him finde, that she was a married wife: and he galloped away with a flea in his eare.

A flowting answer to a scoffing question.

A Poore man, vpon a time comming into a Market with a very leane horse, setting him neere vnto a company of fat and faire Geldings to be sold, was asked of a scoffing companion, how he sold his horse by the ell: which the poore man taking something discontentedly, and yet not willing to quarrell with him, made him an answer fit for his question: when holding vp his horses taile, I pray you sir (quoth hee) come put your nose into the shop, and you shall smell the price.

Of

Of a Welchman, how he was ſerved by the Owle.

IN ancient times, I heard of a certaine Welchman that ſo-iourning all the day long with neuer a rag of ſiluer, but releeued with the charity of well diſpoſed people, which in thoſe parts (being in the heat of Summer) was Butter-milke and Whay, and comming to his iournies end for that night, was lodged in a Barne for want of a Bed: the Butter-milke and Whay began to worke and rumble in his belly, ſo that he could not ſléepe nor take any reſt, but prayed to his Welſh Saint for his aid and helpe. In the morning looking vpward hee eſpied by chance an Owle ſitting on a beame in his lodging-chamber (namely the Barne) he preſently thought it had béen an angell ſent by Saint Davie to relæue his wants, cryed with open mouth to his angell, ſaying, One drop of thy mercy good lord, but one drop I beſeech thée: Preſently the Owle ſhit, which he caught in his mouth, who cryed againe, Enough good lord, enough, it is ſomewhat bitter: I call'd but for one drop, but thou haſt giuen me two ſpoonfulls. And ſo departed his lodging for that night.

An old Gentlewomans anſwer to a flowting Gentleman.

A Wild headed young Gallant, walking the ſtréets of London, met by chance an ancient Gentlewoman, in an old decayed goiwne, that by age was worn thred-bare, the Gallant thinking to breake a Ieſt with her, tooke vp the hemme of her garment and kiſt it, which ſhe looking back eſpying, ſaid, I pray ſir what meane you by that? Oh (quoth he) to honour old age: Alas ſir (replied ſhe) you might then haue kiſt my Arſe, it is elder then my goiwne by forty yeares. And ſo ſhe departed laughing.

Of a woman that sent a new suit of cloathes to Paradise.

A poore man travelling from doore to doore a begging, being lately come from Paris a City in France, being inuited by hunger to a good simple Country Swains doore, to aske his almes: his wife asked him what he was, and from whence he came: quoth the fellow, from Paris. From Paradise (quoth she) then thou knowest my old John there (meaning her former husband) I, quoth the fellow, that I doe. I pray thee (quoth she) how doth he doe: Faith (quoth the fellow) poore, he hath meat and drinke enough, but wants cloathes and money. Alas, quoth she, I am sory for it. I pray thee stay a little; and running vp into her Chamber, fetcht downe her husbands new suite of cloathes, and fiue shillings in money, and gaue it to the fellow, saying, I pray thee remember me to my poore John, and giue him this suite of cloathes, and fiue shillings from me, and wrapt them vp in a Fardle, which the fellow took, & away he went. Presently her husband came home, and found her very pleasant and merry, singing vp and down the house, which she seldome vsed to doe, and he asked her the cause. Oh husband, quoth she, I haue heard from my old John to day, he is in paradise, & is very well, but wants cloathes and money, but I faith I haue sent him thy best suite, and fiue shillings in mony. Her husband seeing she was cozened, enquired of her which way the fellow went that had them, Forsooth way quoth she, he presently tooke his best horse Hob, and rode after him for the cloathes. The fellow seeing one drive so fast after him, threw the clothes into a ditch, and went softly forward: her husband ouertaking the fellow, said, Stoll not for one go this way with a little fardle of cloathes on his back: Yes, quoth the fellow, he is newly gone into yonder little wood. Oh hold my horse, quoth he, whilst I runne in and finde him out. I will quoth the fellow, who presently as soone as he was gone into the wood, took vp his fardell, leapt on horse-backe and away he went: The man returning for his horse, his horse was gone: then going home to

his

his wife, she asked him if he ouertook the fellow. I sweet heart, quoth hee, and I haue lent him my best horse to ride on, for it is a great long way to Paradise. I faith husband, quoth she, and I shall loue thee the better so long as I liue, for making so much of my old John. Which caused much good laughter to all that heard it.

Of a worshipfull Gentleman in Lincolneshire, and his man.

A Certaine Gentleman in Lincolneshire, being also a Iustice of Peace, had an old seruant many yeares, called Adam Milford, who vpon a time came vnto his Maister, and desired him, in regard he had beene his seruant so many yeeres, hee would now giue him something to helpe him in his old age. Thou sayest true, quoth his Maister, and I will tell thee what I will doe: Adam, shortly I am to riue vp to London, if thou will pay my cost and charges by the way, I will giue thee ere long such a thing, as shall be worth to thee an hundred pounds. I am content, quoth Adam, and to payes for all their reckoning by the way. Being come to London, hee put his Maister in mind of his former promise that he had made to him. What did I promise thee any thing? Yes, quoth Adam, that you did: for you said, you would giue me that which should bee worth to me an hundred pounds, for bearing your charges to London. Let me see your writing, quoth his Maister, I haue none, quoth Adam. Then thou art like to haue nothing, quoth his Maister: And learne this of me, that when thou makest a bargain with any man, looke thou take a writing, & beware how thou makest a writing to any man. This hath availed me an hundred pounds in my dayes. When Adam saw there was no remedy, he was content: but when they should depart, Adam stayed behind his Maister, to reckon with his Hoste, and on his Maisters score let clearly borrowed so much money, as came to all their charges that he had laid out by the way. His Maister had not ridden past two miles, but it began to raine a pace: wherefore he called for his cloake. His seruant answered, that

Adam was behinde, and had it with him. So they ſhrowded them vnder a tree, till Adam came. When he came, his Maſter ſaid all angerly, Thou knaue, come giue mee my cloake: haſt thou not ſerued mee well, to let me be thus wet? Truely ſir, (quoth Adam) I haue laid it to pawne for all your charges by the way. Why knaue, quoth he, didſt thou not promiſe me to beare my charges to London? Did I, quoth Adam? I, quoth his Maſter, that thou didſt. Let's ſee, ſhew me your writing of it, quoth Adam. Whereupon his Maſter perceiuing hee was ouer-reacht by his man, was faine to ſend for his cloak againe, and pay the money.

How mad *Coomes*, when his wife was drowned, ſought her againſt the ſtreame.

COomes of Stapforth hearing that his wife was drowned comming from market, went with certaine of his friends to ſee if they could finde her in the Riuer: he contrary to all the reſt, ſought his wife againſt the ſtreame: which they perceiuing, ſaid, Ye looke the wrong way. And why ſo (quoth he?) Becauſe (quoth they) you ſhould looke downe the ſtreame, and not againſt it. Nay, Zounds (quoth he) I ſhall neuer finde her that way: for ſhe did all things ſo contrary in her life time, that now ſhe is dead, I am ſure ſhe will go againſt the ſtreame.

Of the Farmer in Norfolke, and his Phyſitian.

A Certain rich Farmer hauing laine long ſick in Norfolk, at laſt ſent for a Phyſitian from the next Market towne: who when he came, he felt his pulſes, and viewed his water, and then told them, That he could by no meanes, nor by phyſick eſcape, the diſeaſe had ſo much power in his body, and ſo went his way. Within a while after by Gods good help, (who is the only giuer of all health) the man eſcaped, and was well againe, and walking abroad, being ſtill very weake and feeble, he met with his Phyſitian, who being very ſore afraid to ſee him, aſked him, if

he

he were not such a Farmer: Yes truely (quoth he) I am: Art thou alive or dead (quoth he?) Dead (quoth he) I am: and because I have experience of many things, God hath sent me to take up all Physitians I can get: which made the Physitian quiver, and quake, and looke as pale as ashes, for feare. Nay, feare not, quoth the Farmer, though I named all Physitians, yet I meant thee for none: for I am sure a dead man lives not this day, then thou art: and then I should be a foole to take thee for one, that art more fit to give dogges physick then men: and so he left him: but the Physitian never left quaking till he was out of his Patients sight.

How merry *Andrew* of Manchester served a man that would have put him downe in his merry sayings.

ANdrew once was at supper with his friends, and among the company there was one that flouted at his jests and merry conceits. After supper they fell to reasoning among themselves, which was the most reverent part of mans body. One said the eyes, another the nose, a third said, the legge: but Andrew knowing that he that spoke him, would name the contrary, said, The mouth was most reverent of all. Nay (quoth the other) the part that we stoop is the most reverent: and because they all marvelled why he should say so: he made this reason: That he was most honourable, that was first set, and the part that he named was first set: which saying contented them all, and grieved Andrew. The next day they all met again, and Andrew comming last, found them sitting all together. And when he had saluted them all, but his enemy, he turned his backe to him and let a great fart in his face: At which the fellow being mightily angry, said, Villaine knaue with a mischiefe, where hast thou been brought up? Why art thou angry (quoth Andrew?) If I had saluted thee with my mouth, thou wouldst have saluted me againe: and now when I salute thee with my Arse, that be thy owne saying is most honourable, thou callest me knaue. Then the company fell a laughing at this Jest heartily.

The

The Answere of Mother Bunch to a Promooter.

MOther Bunch keeping an Alehouse in Cornehill London, had great custome, and got much money, for which some of her neighbours envied her happinesse, and amongst the rest, one envious neighbour seeing her buy much meat against Lent, knowing it strictly forbidden, and of all the rest took most notice of two legges of Porke which she bought. And about the middle of Lent caused the Constable with a Promooter to search her house, and in searching they found none. Oh, quoth her neighbour, you have two legs of porke in your house, which we must have. Indeed, quoth Mother Bunch, I have two legs of porke, but I am loath to lose them, they cost me deare, which made the Promooter more earnest then before, and he would have them before he went. Then (quoth she) come downe into the Cellor, and I will shew you them: who comming downe, she tooke up her clothes behind, and laid her hand on her taile, saying to the Promooter, There is the two legs of porke, come smell if they will keepe fayre Weather. At which the Promooter was inwardly vexed, but could not tell which way to helpe himselfe, and in great rage departed.

Of a Doctor and his man.

A Doctor that was newly commenced at Cambridge, charged his servant, that he should not say any thing, but what her should aske of him. Within a while after, hee invited diuers of his friends to dinner, and sent his man to desire another Doctor to come and dine with him. The fellow went, and the Doctor said, I pray you thanke your Master, and tell him that I have very great businesse to dispatch to day. So home hee comes, and says nothing. When the Guests were all come, they fell from going to dinner for the other Doctor. When they had staid till two of the clocke, hee asked his man if he had bidden him come to dinner? Yes, quoth his man, that I did.

And

And why doth he not come? Marry he said, that he had other businesse, and he could not come. Why didst thou not tell mee this before (quoth his Master?) Why sir (quoth he) because you did not aske me. Which caused much good laughter to all the Guests.

The Hartfordshire mans answer to the Abbot of London.

The Abbot riding in Visitation, came to a place where they had newly built their Steeple, and put out their bells to be new cast. The Abbot comming neere the Townes end, and hearing no bells to ring, in a chafe said to one of the Townesmen, Haue you no bells in your Steeple? No my Lord quoth he: Then said the Abbot, Sell away your Steeple. Why so an't please your Lordship? Because, quoth the Abbot, it standeth void. Marry said the man, we may as well also sell away another thing in our Church as well as that, and better too. What is that quoth the Abbot? Marry our Pulpit (quoth he) for this seuen yeares we haue not had a Sermon in it, nor I think euer shall, but bels I am sure we shall haue shortly.

Of a mad conceited *Bulkin*.

BUlkin well knowne in diuers places for his mad conceits, and his cozenage, vpon a time came into Kent, to Sittingborne: and in diuers Villages there-about set vp bills, that all sorts of people, young and old, that would come to Sittingborne, on such a day, they should find a man there, that would giue a remedy for all kind of diseases: and also would tell them what would happen vnto any of them in fiue or six yeares after: and hee would desire but two pence a peece of any of them. Whereupon came people of all sorts, and from all places: so that he gathered of the people that came, to the value of twenty pounds: and he had prouided a Stage, and set it vp, and placed a chaire where he would sit: and so they being all come in, and euery one set in order, he comes to the gate, and takes the mo-

ney from them that gathered it, and bids them looke that good rule be kept, and ſo they did: alſo hee bid them by and by ſound the drumme, and then he would begin his Orations. He, when they were gone, with all haſte gets him to the back-ſide, and there hauing his Gelding, gets vpon his backe, and away towards Rocheſter rides he, as faſt as euer he could gallop. Now they thinking he had beene preparing of things in a readineſſe, ſounded the drumme. The Audience looked ſtill when he would come: and ſtaying one two or three houres, nay more, thought ſure they were cozened. Whereupon one of the company ſeeing a paper in the chaire on the Stage, tooke it, wherein was written:

Now you have heard the ſound of the drumme,
You may all depart like fooles as you come.

Whereupon the men falling to curſing and ſwearing, the women to ſcolding, ſcratching, and biting, were faine to depart like fooles indeed.

Of a Countrey Prieſt.

IN the old time, when Holy water was in great requeſt, it ſo chanced, Sir John our Pariſh Clark meeting in the Church porch of the Sunday morning before Maſſe, he, with ſome other Ale-taſters, after they had cleared their eyes with a pot of the beſt liquor the Alehouſe afforded, the Parſon began to tell them a ſtrange ſtory, and after he had ſpet and ſpauld, and wiped his beard where the Ale hung, like the dropping of a Sope boylers Apron: As I was walking (quoth he) in my Orchard, looking vpon my tythe Pigs in this great winde, (marke good neighbours what happened) with my Hat in my hand, the wind blew down an Apple, which hit me on the crowne of my head, and aſtoniſhed me for three houres after, but by cockes-body neighbours, had it beene one of my wiues great Pompions, it had beat out my braines. At which the reſt of his neighbours heartily laughed.

Of

Of a rich Widow of Abington,

THis Widow desired of a Gossip of hers, that shee would helpe her to a husband, not for any carnall desire shee had, but onely to keepe her goods, and see to her lands, which is hard (saith she) for me to do my selfe. The woman, for all her talk, yet know she spake against her minde: and therefore three or foure dayes after shee came to her, and said, Gossip, I haue found an husband for you, that is very wise, and worldly giuen: but he lacks the thing you wot of, whereof I am sure you care not at all. Marry (quoth the Widow) let the deuill take that husband, if he will: for though I desire not the bodily pleasure, yet I would not haue him lack that thing, which if wee chance to fall out, should make vs friends againe.

How finely one sold two loades of Hay.

IN London dwelt a mad conceited fellow, which with his wit liued with Gallants and dominered with good fellowes. Not very long agoe, in Hay-harnest, he gets a Pitchforke on his neck, went forth towards Islington in the morning, and meets with two loads of Hay, comming towards the City to be sold: for the which hee bargained with them that owed the same, for thirty shillings. But whither shall wee bring them, quoth they? To the Swanne by Smithfield, said hee, And so went his way, and left them: then to the Swan he went, to the good man of the house, and asked if he would buy two loades of Hay? Yes, quoth the Inne-keeper, where be they? Here they come, quoth he. What shall I pay, quoth the In-keeper? Foure Nobles a load, quoth the Make-shift. But at last they agreed for twenty shillings. When they were come he bad them vnload the Hay. So while they were vnloading of it, hee came to the Inne-holder, and said, I pray you let me haue my money: for while my men vnload, I will buy some stuffe to haue

home with me. The Inne-holder was content, and gaue him money, and so hee went away. When the men had vnloaded their Hay, they came and demanded their money. I haue paid your Waster (quoth the Inne-holder.) What Waster, quoth they? Marry quoth hee, he that bad you bring the Hay hither. We know him not quoth they. Nor I neither quoth hee, but with him I bargained, and him haue I paid, with you I medled not, and therefore go take him if you will. And so the poore men were cozened.

Of a young Gentleman that would haue kissed a Maid with a long nose.

A Young scoffing Gentleman would haue kissed a Maid that had somewhat a long nose, to whom he said, How shal I kisse you, your nose is so long that our lips cannot meet? The Maid waxing angry in minde, said, If ye cannot kisse my mouth for my nose, you may kisse me behinde, whereas I haue neuer a nose. And so she departed.

Of a woman that went to Confession.

ON a time a poore labouring mans wife being at Confession, her ghostly father enquired of her, if there was nothing else that troubled her conscience, she told him yes: but she doubted whether shee might be pardoned, yea, or no: Yes no doubt (quoth her Confessor) with true confession, penance, and satisfaction, therefore confesse. The woman (though loath) yet at length confessed vnto him, that she had three children, but the youngest was none of her husbands. Oh, quoth he, that is but a small fault, but I may not absolue you vntill you haue told the same vnto your husband: So away goes the woman very much discontented, and pondering in her mind how shee should accomplish this penance, which long she was not about, before she had found a means: To bee short, her husband comes home weary from worke, after supper makes haste to bed, where hee, his wife, and the youngest childe lay all together. No sooner

was

was the man faine into a slumber, but his wife pulleth a little pin from her head-geare, and pricketh the child in the buttock, the child crying, troubled the man from sleepe, which made him say, What a plague is this to a man that hath beene all day at hard labour, and cannot take his rest in quiet in his bed, for this bauling brat. Then she would againe prick it, but she said, shee could not help it: till at length shee counselled her husband to rise and fright the child, who presently rose out of his naked bed, and cried, Boe Bulbegger. Away Bulbegger (quoth his wife) it is none of thy child, and then the next day she was absolued by her ghostly father.

Of a Mountibank and a Ploughman.

A Brace of Swaines being one day at Plough together: The one was a well orderly fellow, the other a yong stripling (such an one as our common Prouerb called a Hobberdehoy) the elder holding the Plough, the other driuing the cattle, but still as he was driuing, he was much troubled with an itching or swelling about his groine, which his fellow perceiuing, would needs know what was the matter; with much adoe, at last hee shewed him, Aye mee, quoth he, this is a dangerous matter, and if thou hast not speedy helpe, thou canst not liue: What shall I doe (quoth the younger?) The elder answered, Runne presently to the town, and enquire for Master Doctor, and hee will giue you remedy. So away runnes the fellow to the Quack-saluer, and raps at his dore, out comes his man, and enquired his businesse, I would speake with Master Doctor, (quoth the fellow.) His man answered he was not now within. Aye me, said the fellow, I am then a dead man: At which the Doctors man would faine know the reason, but he would not tell him: Well quoth the man Ile see if he be within. So going vp staires to his Master (who was then at dinner) hee told him what the fellow said, who starting vp presently, came to the fellow, and would needs know his grief: who presently shewed all, and said, Without your help there is no life for mee. This is dangerous indeed (quoth the Doctor) but we will haue speedy

remedy, and calling to his man, bad him fetch a bucket of cold water, and bathe the swelled member therein, who did so, and presently the fellow was recovered: Then asking his Doctor what would content him? Nothing of thée (quoth the Doctor) thou art but a servant, & if thou art troubled at any time with this disease, I will help thée for nothing. So the fellow taking his leave with many thanks he departed. Now the Mountebank made hast to his dinner again, and smiling to himselfe as hee sate at his table, his Wife would néeds know the reason of his smiling: Nothing, said he, wife: Pray you (quoth she) let me know, at which he answered, It was not fit for her to know it: then she was more importunate then before, that at length she must néeds know it: at which tale of his she smiled, but it would not out of her minde. Well, the nert day the fellow was troubled with the same disease, & to the Doctor he must néeds come againe: It chanced so, that the Doctor was walked into the town, and she had sent her man on an errand, at length the fellow comes and knocks at the doore: then she steps forth to the doore enquiring his business. Marry (quoth he) I must speake with Master Doctor: she answered, he was not within: then cryed he out and said, He was but a dead man, Oh (quoth she) you were here yesterday, I pray you come in, I can helpe you with more ease then before. Can you (quoth the fellow) I pray you vse your skill. So having him into an inward roome, shée made triall of her skill. Then the fellow thanking the Doctors wife, departed to his work again, & running thorow the towne, the Doctor, was sitting in his Apothecaries shop with certaine Gentlemen, laughing at what had hapned the day before; and as he was thus speaking, the fellow came by. (Quoth the Doctor) ponder is the fellow. Ile lay any wager he hath béen now at my house: and calling him to him, asked if he had béene troubled with his former disease. I (quoth the fellow.) But you are but a dunce, and you shall help me no more, your wife doth cure it farre better, and with more pleasure, and she bids mee come every houre (if you are forth) she will helpe me presently. At which the Doctor hung downe his head, and was inwardly vexed: the Gentlemen heartily laughing.

The

The Lawyer and the Devill.

TWo Country men being at law, and great ſuits had been betwixt them, and much money ſpent in hope to haue an end: a friend comes to one of them, and tells him his Aduerſary had remoued his ſuit into another Court: at which the other replied, Let him remoue it to the deuill if he will, I am ſure I ſhall haue a Lawyer to follow it.

Of a Gentleman that asked a Lady forgiueneſſe.

A Certaine conceited Gentlman, on a time falling out with a Lady, in a cholerick humour called her Whore, which Lady taking it in great diſdaine, to haue her Ladiſhips name thus ſcandalized, would by all meanes poſſible haue him to the ſpirituall Court, and either proue her ſo as hee had reported, or elſe to abide the extremity of the Law. But certain friends on both ſides, ſo wrought with the Lady, & telling her, he was but a fantaſtick, and a kinde of a mad man, and that it would bee more for her Ladiſhips honour to forgiue and forget, ſeing all the world knew her chaſtity without the leaſt ſpot or blemiſh: ſhe at laſt condeſcended vpon this condition that before certain of her friends, & his, he ſhould aſke her forgiueneſſe in the ſame place he had ſo wronged her. To conclude, the Gentleman was willing, and ſo comming amongſt them all, he kneeled before her Ladiſhip, and ſpake theſe words following: Madame, I called you Whore ('tis true,) I am come to aſke you forgiueneſſe (I am ſory for it,) you are no Whore, (I lie) Well ſir (quoth the Lady,) I freely forgiue you with all my heart: but take heed how you abuſe a chaſte Ladies reputation hereafter.

How

How drunken *Mullins* of Stratford dreamed he found gold.

MUllins being drunke, and lying in his bed, dreamed that the deuill led him into a field to dig for gold: and when he had found the Gold, the Deuill ſaid, Thou canſt not carry it away now, but marke the place, that thou maiſt fetch it another time. What marke (quoth Mullins?) With Pilgrime ſalue (quoth the deuill) for that ſhall cauſe euery man to ſhunne the place, and for thee it ſhall be a ſpeciall marke. Where he did ſo. And when he awaked, he perceiued he had foully bewrayed his bed. Thus betweene ſtink and durt, vp hee roſe, and made him ready to go forth. And laſt of all, he put on his Hat, wherein alſo the Cat had ſhit: ſo, for great ſtink, he threw away his Hat, and was faine to waſh his head. Thus all his golden dreame was turned to a ———

Of a young woman of Barnet that ſorrowed for her husbands death.

IN Barnet was a yong woman, that when her husband lay a dying, ſorrowed out of meaſure, for feare that ſhee ſhould loſe him. Her father came to her, deſiring her to be contented: for he had prouided her another husband, a far more handſome man. But ſhe did not onely continue in her ſorrow, but was alſo greatly diſpleaſed, that her father made any motion to her of any other husband. As ſoone as her other husband was buried, and the Sermon was done, and they were at dinner, betweene ſobbing and weeping, ſhee rounded her father in the eare, and ſaid: Father, where is the young man that you told me ſhould bee my husband? for very ſhortly I purpoſe to be maried. At which her father ſuddenly fell a laughing.

A poore Beggers answer to a rich Citizen.

A poore begger, that was foule, blacke, and loathsome to behold, came to a rich Citizen, and asked his almes. To whom the Citizen said, I pray get thee hence from me, for thou lookest as though thou camest out of hell. The poore man perceiuing he could get nothing, answered, Forsooth sir, you say troth, I came out of hell indeed. Why diddest thou not tary there still, quoth the Citizen? Mary sir (quoth the begger) there is no roome for such poore beggers as I am: all is kept for such Gentlemen as you are.

A tale of the Countrey-womans answer.

A Country-woman passing along the high-way towards the Market, it being a cold frosty morning, was compelled to vnburthen her selfe of Natures due, and it happened to be on the top of a hill: no sooner had she ended, but two Countrey fellows, strangers vnto her, came by the same way: one of them willing to make himselfe merry with this accident, he thus saluted the poore woman, Good wife (quoth he) in our Country when the Hens lay an egge, they vse to kackle. It is true indeed (quoth the woman) and so would I haue done too, my friend, but that I feare such a knaue as thou art, would haue stolne my egge. Yet to saue your longing, take one mouthfull, and be gone. The Country-woman went laughing away, he hauing not a word to reply.

The subtilty of *Kindlecoale* the Lawyer repayed with the like craft.

There was an vnthrift in London, that had receiued of a Merchant certaine wares, which came to fifty pounds, to pay at three moneths, and at three moneths: but when he had it,

hee consumed and spent it all: so that at the fire moneths end, there was not any left to pay the Merchant: Wherefore the Merchant arrested him. When he saw there was no other remedy, but either to pay the debt, or go to prison, he sent to a subtill Lawyer, and asked his counsell how he might cleare himselfe of that debt. What wilt thou give me (quoth he) if I doe? Five markes (quoth the other) and here it is: and as soone as you have done, you shall have it. Well, said the Lawyer, but thou must be ruled by my counsell, and doe thus: When thou commest before the Iudge whatsoever hee saith vnto thee, answer thou nothing, but cry Bea, still, and let me alone with the rest. So when he came before the Iudge, he said to the Debter, Dost thou owe this Merchant so much money? Bea (quoth he.) What beast (quoth hee?) answere to that I aske thee. Bea (quoth he againe.) Why how now, quoth the Iudge? I thinke this fellow hath gotten a sheeps tongue in his head: for hee answereth in the sheepes language. Why sir, quoth the Lawyer, doe you thinke this Merchant that is so wise a man, would bee so foolish, as to trust this Idiot with fifty pounds worth of ware, that can speake never a word? Nay sir I warrant you. And he perswaded the Iudge to call the Merchant in his owne suit. And so the Iudge departed, and the Court by rose vp. Then the Lawyer came to his Client and asked him his money, since his promise was performed, and his debt discharged. Bea (quoth he.) Why, thou needst not cry Bea any longer, but pay me my money. Bea (quoth he againe.) Why, thou wilt not serve me so, I hope (quoth the Lawyer) now I have vsed thee so kindly. But nothing but Bea could Master Lawyer get for his paines, and so was faine to depart with a flea in his eare.

Of

Of the woman that desired her husband might goe to the devill.

ON a Winters euening a Country husbandman went to fetch his wiues Kine home to milk, and driuing them into the backside, hee forgot to shut the gate, and hee comes into the house, sits him downe by the fire side: the Kine shutting the gate open, ranne trotting and lowing downe the durty lane, toward the field and the mans daughter looking forth at the doore, and seeing them, cries out to her mother, Faith my father is a fine man, I think the Kine are gone to the deuill, shall I goe after them? No (quoth her mother) daughter you are too forward: Let your father goe, he's fitter, he has his hie-shoone on.

Of a Gentleman of Norfolke and his Host.

A Gentleman of Norfolk, as he was riding towards London in the Winter time, and sitting by the fire side with his Host, vntill supper could bee made ready, there happened a Rabbit to be at the fire a rosting, which the Gentleman perceiued to bee very leane, as hee thought. Quoth hee vnto his Host, We haue Rabbits in our Country, that one will driy a pottle, and baste it selfe. The In-keeper wondred with himselfe, and did thinke it to be a lie, but would not say so, for manners sake, and because he was his guest; but thinking to requite him, Now truely, quoth he, it is very strange: but I can tell you of as strange a thing as that. Which the Gentleman very desirous to heare: Quoth he, I had as fine a Grayhound as any was in England: and if I had happened to goe abroad to my grounds, the Grayhound would alway go with me. And sometime there would start out a Hare before me, which my Grayhound would quickly catch. It fortuned that my dogge died, and for very loue that I bare to him, I made me a bottle of his skin, to carry drinke withall. So, one time in hay harnest, my folkes being making of hay in my grounds, and the weather

hot, I filled my bottle with Beare, to carry to them, lest they should lacke drink. And as I was going along, there starts a Hare out of a bush before mee: and as it was my custome, I cryed, Now, now, now. My bottle leaping from my girdle, ran and catcht the Hare. What (quoth the Gentleman) me thinks that should bee a lie. Truely sir, said the Inkeeper, so did I thinke yours was. The Gentleman perceiuing that hee was requited for his kindnesse, held himselfe contented.

A tale of a Gentleman and his man.

A Gentleman vpon a time hauing a man that could write and reade well, rebuked him one day for idlenesse, saying, If I had nothing to do, like thee, I would to recreate my wit, set downe all the fooles I knew. The fellow making little answer, took his pen and inke, and as his Master had willed him fell to setting downe a Catalogue of all the fooles that hee was well acquainted with: among whom, and first of all hee set downe his Master, who reading his name, would néeds know the nature of his folly. Marry, quoth he, In lending your Cozin twenty pound this other day: for I think hee will neuer pay you. Yea, but (quoth his Master) what if he do pay me? then (quoth his man) I will put out your name, and put down his for a foole.

The King of France his reward to a Miser.

The King of France, Charles the fift, being presented by a poore Gardiner, with a Turnep of a huge greatnesse, gaue him for his reward fiue hundred crownes, giuing him charge to lay it vp, and keep it safely for him, till he did call for it. Which bounty being noted of all his Court, and chiefly obserued by one couetous rich officer of his house, caused him, in hope of some greater recompence for a greater present, to present his Majestie with a faire and goodly horse: which the King thankfully

receiuing,

receiuing, noting his miserable nature, and that his gift rather did proceed from hope of gaine, then good will, called for the Turney; wherewith he rewarded the miserable Asse: at which, he no lesse fretted, then all that saw it heartily laughed. And so I wish all such Churles to be serued.

The answer of a Gentlemans man to his Master.

A Worshipfull gentleman in London, hauing on a time inuited diuers of his friends to supper to his house, & being at supper, the second course comming in, the first was one of the Gentlemans owne men, bringing a Capon; and by chance stumbling at the portall dore, the Capon flew out of the platter and ranne along the board to the vpper end of the table, where the Master of the house sate, who making a iest of it, said, By my faith, it is well, the Capon is come first, my man will come anon too, I hope. By and by came his man, and takes vp the Capon, and layes it in the platter, and sets it on the board. I thanke you sir, quoth his Master, I could haue done so my selfe. I, quoth his man, it is an easie matter, sir, for one to do a thing when he sees it done before his face.

Of a drunken fellow that fell in the fire.

There was a notable drunkard of Rochester, whom his wife perswaded as much as in her lay, to leaue that sinne: but the more she spake, the worse he was, & because she controuled him, he would all to beat her. So she let him alone: and because his vse was till to stay out till almost midnight, she went to bed, and bad her Maid tary vp for him, and make a good fire: & the Maid did as her Mistresse commanded. One night when he came home, the Maid let him in, and he stood by the fire and warmed himselfe: but his head being too heauy for his body, downe he fell into the fire along. The Maid ranne crying, Oh

Mistresse, Mistresse, my Master is falne into the fire. No matter Maid (quoth she) let him take his pleasure in his owne house where he will himselfe.

Of King *Henry* and the Countrey-man.

KIng Henry riding on hunting, in the County of Kent, hee came by chance to a great gate, that hee must needs passe thorow, and in the way stood a Ploughman, to whom the King said, I pray thee good fellow open me the gate: the fellow perceiuing it was the King, stood like an image, and said, No, and it shall please your Grace (quoth he) I am not worthy to be in that office, but I will fetch Master Cooper (which was a Iustice) that dwelleth but two miles hence, and hee shall open you the gate. And so ranne away as fast as euer he could, leaning the King to open the gate himselfe.

How a woman, to hide a small fault, shewed a greater.

A Woman of Romford had for some cause shauen her head, and newly as she had put off her kerchief off her head, one of her neighbours called for her hastily into the street. When her neighbour saw her so, she blamed her for comming abroad bare-headed. She remembring her selfe, whipt vp her cloathes from behind her, ouer her head. And so to hide her head, shee shewed her bare tayle.

Of a Boobee.

IN Coventry two trades-men falling at ods, the one called the other Rogue, Rascall, Villaine, Base-fellow, with many other reproachfull termes of disgrace. The party thus wronged told the other he was a Boobee, and still whatsoeuer the other said, he replied, Thou art a Boobee, and I will proue it: then departing in a great chafe: his aduersary laughing,

and going in great anger through the City, at last met one of his neighbours, of his familiar acquaintance, and after some conference, told him, That there was a great falling out betwixt himself, and such a neighbour, and named his Adversary, shewing also how many reproachfull termes he had given him, and still hee called him Woobée, and hee was desirous to know what a Woobée was; Why, said his friend whom he met, give mée but a quart of wine, and I will tell you what a Woobée is, which he willingly condescended to do. Being in the Taverne, one pinte was called for with Sugar, and still he was desirous to know the meaning of a Woobée. Nay stay (quoth his friend) we must have the other pinte, so it was called for too, and the reckoning by him paid for: hee now desired to know what a Woobée was. Quoth his friend, a Woobée is he that being married a twelve moneth and a day, and hath not seene his wives Concupiscence, he is a Woobée and no other. Nay then (quoth the Woobée) he saith true: for one night as she lay sleeping, I went to see her Merkin, and comming with the candle, and softly pulling up the clothes, she up with her legges and let a Fart, which blew out the candle, after which, I durst not attempt any more. At which his neighbour heartily laughed, and he remained a Woobée.

A Jest of a plaine Countrey fellow.

A plaine country fellow, riding along the high way, met by chance a Coach, and therein was sitting a very handsome Gentlewoman in rich attire. The plaine Countrey fellow seldome having seen a Coach before, admired at the sight he saw, thinking it had beene some heavenly vision: Wondering thus with admiration, he presently meets with a Gentleman riding after the Coach a good pace, whom the Countrey fellow thus saluted, God save you sir, I pray you what Lady rides in yonder whirling house. It is (quoth the Gentleman) the Queene of Spades, good honest man. I thought so indeed (quoth the Countrey fellow) the Knave of Clubs posts after so speedily.

A Gentlewomans witty answer.

A Gentleman walking the fields for his recreation, ouertooke by chance a Citizens wife, which was a very handsome proper-bodied woman, with a good legge and foot, which gaue him great content, seldome hauing seene the like, and going forward to see her face, which done, hee thus saluted her. Faire Lady, had I liked you as well before, as I do behinde, I would haue made bold to kisse you. Sir, quoth she, I pray you leaue your complements, and kisse where you like. At which sudden answer of hers the Gentleman departed, hauing not wit equall to reply.

How a mad man in Gloucester Shire answered a Gentleman.

IN Gloucester Shire dwelt one that cured frantick men in this maner: when their fit was on them, hee would put them in a gutter of water, some to the knees, some to the middle, and some to the necke, as the disease was on them. So one that was well amended, standing at the gate, by chance a Gentleman came riding by with his Hawks, and his Hounds. The mad fellow called him, and said, Gentleman, whither goe you? On hunting (quoth the Gentelman.) What doe you with all these Kites and Dogges? They be Hawks and Hounds, quoth the Gentleman. Wherefore keepe you them (quoth the other?) Why (quoth hee) for my pleasure. What doe they cost you a yeare to keepe them? Forty pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) And what doe they profit you (quoth he?) Some tenne pounds (quoth the Gentleman.) Get thee quickly hence, quoth the fellow, for if my Master finde thee here, he will put thee into the gutter up to the throat.

Of an Hermit by Paris, that lay with all the chiefest Gentlewomen in the Countrey.

THis notable knaue that vnder colour of holines, inticed all the chiefest Matrons of the Country to folly; at last, his doings were detected and knowne, and he was brought before the duke of Anjou, which to heare the number of them, for his pleasure, called his Secretary to write them downe. The Secretary bad him recount them. The Hermit named to the number of seuen and twenty of the Dukes seruants wiues, and others, and then stood still and said nothing. Is there no more (quoth the Duke?) No, and it shall like your Grace, (quoth the Hermit.) Tell troth, quoth the Secretary, for if thou dost not, thou shalt be sharply punished. Then said the Hermit, sighing, to make vp the eight and twenty, write thine owne wife in the number. Whereupon the Secretary, for very griefe let fall his pen. And the Duke, laughing heartily, said, I am glad, that he that with so great pleasure, hath heard the faults of other mens wiues, should now come into the same number himselfe.

Of a Holy Sister.

A Sister of the purer sort being at home alone, and hir husband walked abroad, a brother of her acquaintance came to visit her, who after some salutations (and hauing this opportunity) the spirit began to worke, and he must haue a bit to stay his stomack: well, there needed no great siege when the fort is willing to yeeld. In the meane time one knocks at the doore. Oh (quoth she) verily we are both vndone, there is my husband at the doore. Aye mee my holy sister (quoth hee) what shall I doe? Hide (quoth she) my pure brother your selfe on the Tester of the bed. So vp he got, where he lay in a pitifull feare. She comming to the doore, another bird of the same feather saluted her, saying, Deare sister, I met thy husband abroad, and now

I am come to visit thée at home. Oh (said she) he will not stay. Ile jeopard a joynt (quoth hee) and into her chamber he rushes, where he said he would vse her neither better nor worse then he did his owne wife: she being loath because of her other companion on the Tester of the bed, but he would haue no denaill, and she durst not séeme too strange because of their former familiar acquaintance: Well, you may imagine what you please, but in the meane time her husband knocks at the doore indéed, what shift to make with her second loue she knew not, nor must shée stand to consult, yet at last she willed him to crépe vnderneath the bed to hide himselfe. Then her husband comming into the Chamber, found the bed tumbled and other such like suspition, and enquired of his wife who had béen there, for hee had some cause of jealousie: Verily (quoth she) sweet husband, here hath béen no body since you went. Thou lieſt like a whore (quoth he.) Surely (quoth she) there is one aboue knowes all. The man on the top of the bed hearing her say so, and thinking shee had meant him, answered, You lie like a queane, there is one vnder the bed knowes as much as I doe. Whereby they were both discouered.

Of a Maid that would haue her Maidenhead againe.

A Country young Girle, of the age of fifteene, was to be maried on the Sunday following, and on the thursday before, shee came to London to buy a Hat, and her mother gaue her nine shillings to buy Hat and Band, and bad her buy as handsome a one as shee could. The Maid came to London, and at Ludgate-hill lighted into a shop, where by chance the Master being a Bachelor, and within, séeing a handsome Maid, shewed her the best and of good price. Shee said she had not so much to giue as he demanded. Why Sir (quoth the Habberdasher) if you haue not money, I will take your Maidenhead for payment for my hat. Maidenhead (quoth the Wench) what's that? Why come vp into the next roome (quoth hee) and I will tell you: which she willingly did, what hee did with her you may imagine,

imagine, but hée had her Maidenhead and gaue her the Hat. The Wench very glad of this good fortune, of hauing her money againe, and a new Hat too, went home very merrily to her mother, and shewed her her new Hat, which her mother liked exceeding well: But (quoth she) what didst thou pay daughter for it? A small matter (quoth the daughter) and I haue my money too. What (quoth her mother) daughter, I hope you haue not stolne it? No (quoth her daughter) mother, the Haberdasher gaue it me. For what (quoth her mother?) he would haue no money: Mother, quoth she, he desired to haue my Maidenhead, and had it, and gaue me a quart of wine too, and this new Hat and Band. Out thou whore, quoth her mother, goe take money with you, and go to London againe and fetch your Maidenhead of him, and pay him for his Hat. Which she did, and comming to Ludgate hill, diuers askt her what she lackt, at last she espied him, and gaue him the Hat; who called her in, and vp staires they went. Sir, quoth she, my mother hath sent me for my Maidenhead againe, and I haue brought you mony for the Hat. That thou shalt sweet-heart, quoth hee, and made no more adoe but presently tooke her into his Chamber as before. At which jest there was exceeding good laughter.

Of the two Travellers.

Sir Gregory Fobbe, a great traueller, méeting at an Ordinary, began to relate to Sir Lionell Loudlier, what strange wonders he had séene his long and tedious trauels, (as trauellers may lie by authority,) quoth hee, I haue séene a Cabidge so bigge, and great, that it couered a péece of ground some seuentéene akers, & an Army of fifty thousand fighting men stood (to saue them from the raine) vnder the leaues of it, and had not one droppe of raine fall vpon their Armour. Oh, quoth Sir Lionell Loudlier, that is nothing to the strange wonder I haue séene, for in my trauells I haue séene a Caudron a making so huge

and bigge, that three hundred and fifty men wrought on it, driuing in the nailes with great hammers, and they stood so farre asunder, the one could not heare the other knock. Well (quoth sir Gregory Fobbe) what was that Cauldron made for? (quoth sir Lionell Loudlier) To boile your great Cabidge in, and to parboile their tongues that told so loud a lie. Which great wonders moued much good laughter.

The answer of a witty Country Maid.

There was a company of merry Youths walking from Hamsted, foure miles from London, met by chance two Countrey witty Wenches, going from London with Baskets on their armes: quoth one of the men, Faire Maid, what news at London? Oh sir (quoth one of the Maids) God send you better fortune then one had at London to day. Why (quoth one of the men) what was the matter? Sir (quoth the Maid) as hee lay sleeping in the fields, the Pies came and pickt a hole in his taile, so big you can hardly couer it with your face. And so the Maid departed laughing.

A prety tale of a Bridegroome and the Bride.

A Man of middle age, hauing beene a notable wencher in his youth, and making loue vnto many, promising mariage vnto them, vntill he had his pleasure of them, and then he cast them off as his fancy serued. At last was suiter to one wiser then the rest, (that had formerly been so serued in trusting to the promises of young men, they hauing had their wills of her, he finding they could not preuaile, thought her honester then the rest) and would needs marry her, and did so, and to his wedding inuited all those with whom hee had lien, and willed them to bring euery one a Bride-cake, which they did. His Bride at night asked him what all those Maids were, that so kindly brought so many Cakes. Those Maids (quoth he) I haue lien with.

folkhall euery one, and as many more and promised them mariage vntill I had my will of them, which if I could haue had of thée, I would neuer haue married thée. I (quoth thee) haue béen often so serued, and if I should haue bidden all those men vsing Théeles which haue lien with mee, wee should haue had Cake and Chéese enough for this twelue-moneth. Which the Byde-Maids hearing, fell into a great laughter, and all was discouered.

Of him that did talke and prate, and knew not the Law.

A Notable yong Rogue, hauing plaid some notable knauish pranks, was for the offence to be whipt, and as hee was ready to be tied to the Cart, hee said to the Beadle that should whip him: Here is ten shillings for thée, I pray thée vse mee kindly, and deale not too cruelly with me: to whom the Beadle promised great curtesie; but being tied fast to the Cart, hée whipt him very seuerely. The fellow called vnto him, and bad him remember his promise: What knaue (quoth the Beadle) do'st prate, and talke, and knowest not the Law. Afterward being released, hee bethought himselfe how he might be reuenged on the Beadle: and séeing him stand in the Market, pickes a pocket, and puts the purse into the Beadles pocket, and goes to the Fellow, from whom he had stolne the purse, saying, Friend do you misse nothing? who presently cryed out, saying, he had lost his purse. Yonder Beadle hath it (quoth hee) and you shall find it in his pocket, I saw him take it. The man that had lost his purse goes vnto the Beadle, and apprehended him for his purse, who vtterly denied he had it not, neither knew of any such matter. But being found about him, he was condemned to die for it. The pick-pocket being imprisoned againe for some small fault, desired he might be hangman for that day, and it being granted: When the Beadle came to be hanged, Sirrah (quoth the pick-pocket) do you remember how you whipt me the other day when I gaue you ten shillings? I (quoth the beadle) I pray thée forgiue me, I am now ready to dye. I, sirrah (quoth hee)

thank me for it, for I pickt the purſe, and put it in your pocket. With that the Beadle began to cry aloud, ſaying, Hold, hold. What knaue (quoth the pick-pocket) do'ſt talke, and prate, and knoweſt not the Law. And ſo he turned him beſide the Ladder.

The Iriſh mans welcome into England.

A Vntrauelled Iriſh man intended to ſée England, and arriuing at London, chanced to light on a Barbers ſhoppe, ſuppoſing by his cluſter of Baſons hanging at the dore, it muſt of neceſſity be ſome penny-pottage Ordinary: and wanting the language, entred the ſhop, and pointed to his mouth, meaning ſome victuals to ſtay his hunger. The Barber gathering by this ſigne, that the poore fellow had pain in his téeth, and deſired to haue one pluckt out; willed him to ſit downe in his Chaire, and approached with his diſmall inſtruments towards the fellowes chaps. The Iriſh man began to wonder at this ſtrange kinde of féeding, giuing the Barber to vnderſtand (ſo well as he could) he was neuer brought vp to that kinde of féeding, & with an vnmannerly thruſt bad him, Auant. The Barber half diſcontented, tumbled the Iriſh man with his Chair vpſide down, who ſprawling on the ground began to ſéeke after the doore, and made as much haſte to his lodging as he could: where, meeting with one of his Country-men, hee prayed him of all loues to depart this Country of England, and returne to that worthy Ireland. For (quoth he) the deuill dwels here, and no honeſt men, ſince when a poore ſtranger makes ſhew of hunger, the knauiſh Inhabitants will breake out mens téeth like dogges, and ſo ſend vs to our Countrey againe with neuer a tooth in our heads: which cauſed much good mirth to all that heard it.

The

The Gentlemans debt paid, when his beard was ſhaven.

A Gentleman of Franckford in Germany, had borrowed of a Jew (of the ſame town) a thouſand Duckets, and miſſing his day of payment, he ſought from time to time to abſent himſelfe from his Creditor. Not long after, the Jew eſpied him going into a Barbers ſhop, and ran preſently and fetcht a couple of Serjeants to arreſt his debter, now at the Barbers a trimming. Which done, the Jew came and found the Gentleman halfe ſhaued, and demanded whether hee would inſtantly diſcharge his debt, or accept the arreſt. The Gentleman being driuen to a nonplus, caught ſudden hold of his ſword, and aſked the Jew, if hee would not attend till his beard was all ſhaued: The Jew anſwered, Yes with all his heart. Why then (quoth the Gentleman) Barber and Serjeants beare witneſſe what the Jew hath promiſed. Contented (quoth the Jew.) Wel Barber, then I will not haue my beard ſhauen this twelue-moneth. The Jew began to ſtamp, curſe, and ban, and finally procured the Serjeants to carry him before a Gouernor, who well conſidering the matter, diſmiſſed both the gentleman and the Jew, as both free men, without farther challenge of debt, vntill the Gentlemans beard was all ſhauen: which till his dying day he neuer ſuffered. And the Jew loſt his money.

A Jeſt, ſaving your reverence, wor th the laughing at.

IN a City, I finde not where, met a company, I know not who, and about I know not what: but after that they had laid their heads together, to conclude vpon a thing of nothing, as the vſe is of ſuch kinde of people, fearing to ſurfet of faſting, they got them to dinner, where, when their bellies were full of wine, their braines ſet their tongues to worke about wonders: and hauing made a great noiſe to little purpoſe, they fell to

queſtioning

queſtioning among themſelues, what was the rareſt thing in the world. One, he ſaid, the Phenix, becauſe there was but one, and ſhe killed her ſelfe, and liued againe of her owne aſhes. Another ſaid a Diamond, becauſe it would write in glaſſe: another ſaid, a Parrat, becauſe it would ſpeake like a man: another ſaid, a true friend, the world was ſo full of falſhood: another ſaid, Gold, for that it wrought wonders in the world: and another ſaid, Lone, becauſe it robbed wiſe men of their wits. But while they did thus differ in their opinions, one merry companion being willing to ſay his minde, vppon a ſudden falling into a laughing, told them they were all fooles, for he knew a rarer thing then all they: which they deſiring to know, hee told them it was a ſweat arſe-hole. Whereat euery one holding themſelues by the noſe, left off their talke, and laughing at the foole, roſe from the table.

Of a Pariſh Clarke.

OFten haue I heard my Grandmother tell, that in her dayes a Pariſh Clarke of London, hauing beene a notable good fellow, ſitting vp all one Saturday night at Cards, with ſome of his boone Companions, ſo that vpon Sunday hee was very ſleepy, in ſo much that as Maſter Parſon was at Sermon, hee fell faſt aſleepe: when the Miniſter had ended his Sermon, it fortuned hee was ſtill faſt aſleepe, which a neighbour eſpying, not willing to haue it ſeene, ſteps vnto him, and puls him haſtily by the ſleeue, who as it ſeemed was a dreamt of his laſt nights play, and preſently ſtarted vp, crying with a loud voice, Hold, hold, a paire of Knaues and one and twenty: which cauſed much good laughter to the Pariſh, and hee was diſmiſt of his place.

Mother Bunches Merriments.

A quicke conceit of a witty Wench.

A Honest Countrey Farmer, whose wife was great with child, and longing for a paire of wood Pidgeons, intreated her kinde husband, by all meanes possible to procure them, who against the next Sunday most carefully did as his wife had willed: This plain dealing man (hearing the last peale to Service) away he hies him: In the meane time his wife, good woman, thinking the time tedious till she had satisfied her longing desire, with all expedition causeth her Maid to lay the Pidgeons to the fire, and being but halfe roasted, shee made a quicke dispatch. In the meane while, Service being ended, her husband inuiteth the Vicar of the Parish (being a Batchelor) to dinner, which hee most kindely accepted. Comming home together, the good man bids him welcome, and brings him into his Hall, where the cloath was already laid, and calling to his Wife and Maid to bring away the meat, his Wife hauing eaten the roastmeat, and seeing the Vicar to dine there, was much abashed. Tut, quoth the Maid, Dame let it not trouble you, let me alone to salue the matter. Well, quoth her Dame, that shall bee tried. Then the good man stepping forth at the back-doore, in comes the Wench to Master Vicar, and tels him, Oh sir, if you tender your owne welfare, as I doe, with all expedition be gone, for my Master being extreame jealous of you, hath inuited you to dinner, and hath vowed to cut off both your stones, and when you see him whet his knife on the Cart-wheel, (as shee knew well he vsually did) then look to your selfe: which presently her Master did indeed: at which sight away runs Sir Domine, not knowing of the Pidgeons, but remembring what the Maid had told him: Presently the Maid comes with open mouth to her Master, & tels him the Vicar had run away with her Dames pidgeons, and it would cost her life if she had them not againe: at which, the good man minding nothing but the Pidgeons, made all the haste he could, running after the Vicar with his naked knife in his hand, and said, Come again Master Vicar I beseech you, let me haue but one, my Wife longs for

one of them. Master Vicar runnes away, and sweares not one, no not one, quoth he, if it would saue thy life thou knaue, I prize my ware at a better rate. At which witty conceit of the Maids the Mistresse heartily laughed.

A pretty tale of a Complainant, that cried to a Judge for justice, yet refused it when it was offered.

One Dromo, a certaine Tiler, sitting vpon the ridge of a house, laying on certaine roofe tiles, looking backe, and reaching somewhat too far, for a little morter, that lay by him, fell backward, and by good hap, fell vpon a man that was sitting vnder the house, whom with his fall he bruised to death, but thereby saued his owne life. Not many dayes after, a sonne of the dead mans, caused this man to be apprehended for murther, and hauing him before the Iudge, cried vnto the Iudge for iustice: who asking of the prisoner what hee could say for himselfe, receiued this answer: Truly sir, I neuer thought the man any hurt, neither did I thinke to fall: but since it was my hap to hit vpon him to saue my life if it please your Lordship, I am contented that he shall haue iustice: for my selfe, I had no malice to his father, though I see he hath a great deale to me: but let him doe his worst, I care not, I aske no fauour: let him go vp to the top of the house where I sate, and I will sit where his father sate let him fall from the place as cunningly as hee can, and fall vpon mee to saue his life, I will bee contented. The Iudge seeing the mans innocency, and how farre hee was from intent of any euill to the man whom he had slaine, willed the Complainant to take this course for his contentment: which he refusing, was dismissed the Court, and the Prisoner thus by his witty answer released.

How

How a Merchant loſt his purſe between Waltam and London.

A Merchant that trauelled betwéen Ware and London loſt his budget, wherein was a hundred pound, who cauſed to proclaime in all Villages and Market Townes, that who ſo had found the ſame, and would reſtore it againe, ſhould haue twenty pounds for his paines. An honeſt Husbandman that chanced to finde it, brought it to the Bailife of Ware, and required his twenty pounds for his paines, when he deliuered it. When the couetous Merchant vnderſtood this, & that he muſt néeds pay twenty pound for the finding of it, hee ſaid. There was one hundred & twenty pound in the Budget, and ſo would haue had his owne money, and twenty pound ouer. So long they ſtroue, that the matter was brought before a Iuſtice. When the Iuſtice vnderſtood by the Bailife, that the cry was made for a Budget with an hundred pound in it, hee demanded where it was: Here (quoth the Bailife) and gaue it him. Is it iuſt an hundred pound (quoth the Iuſtice?) Yes (quoth the Bailife.) Hold (quoth the Iuſtice to him that found the Budget) take thou this money to thy vſe, and if thou happen to find a Budget with an hundred and twenty pound, bring it to this honeſt Merchant man. It is mine, I loſt no more but an hundreth pound. (quoth the Merchant.) You ſpeake now too late (quoth the Iuſtice) for your couetouſneſſe hath beguiled your ſelfe.

The jealous Merchant.

A Rich Merchant of London had a very fair woman to his wife, and was exceeding jealous of her honesty. It happened that hee had occasion to trauell into the Countrey, and therefore intreated his wife to grant him one request before he went. What is that (quoth shee?) Only this, quoth he, that whosoeuer comes to speak with you vntill my returne home, you shall alwayes answere No: which shee promised to performe. The next morning hee departed, and presently after dinner came a Gentleman to haue spoken with the Merchant, demanding of the seruant for his Master: Hee is (quoth the seruant) gone into the Countrey. Where is then your Mistresse (quoth the Gentleman?) the seruant answered, Shee is aboue sir. The Gentleman went vp, and found her at her booke, and demanded if she were the Mistresse of the house? she answered, according to her promise, No. The Gentleman asked if then the Mistresse of the house were within? she answered No, the Gentleman was half angry at the seruant, for informing him falsely, and went downe, demanding why hee had thus mocked him. Sir, quoth the seruant, that Gentlewoman that you spake with, is Mistresse of the house, but my Master hath willed her to answer to all demaunds nothing else, but No, as fearing her inconstancy. The Gentleman went vp againe, and began to look more amiable vpon the Merchants wife, demanding if she were displeased at his comming? Shee answered No. For at this kisse (quoth he?) shee answered, No. But would you bee offended, quoth he, if I should supply your husbands place this night? she answered, No: so the match was made, and the next morn the Gentleman departed. About a moneth after the Gentleman passed by the Merchants house, and espied him and her sitting at the doore, saluted them, and told him, that it was not long since that he had béene there to haue spoke with him, but the Mistresse of the house answered to euery question, No: perceiuing this, I demanded if a kisse would offend her? shee answered, No: whereupon I demanded, if shee would bee displeased

pleased if I should that night supply the place of her husband? she still answered, No: The good woman seeing all was like to be betrayed, began secretly to winke upon the Gentleman: which hee perceiving, presently altered his tale into a dreame: And then I awaked out of this strange dreame (quoth the Gentleman:) Now by my troth sir, quoth the Merchant, if it had not beene a dreame, I would verily have sworne it had beene my wife.

The Maids answer to a Serjeant at Law.

IT so fortuned in the heat of Summer, the weather being very hot, that a Serjeant a Counsellor at Law would needs take a paire of Oares at the Temple, to goe to Westminster by water: No sooner were they landed upon the staires, but presently the Serjeant spied a good big fat Wench, with her back towards them stooping, and washing of cloathes, (as is usuall so to doe:) The Serjeant willing to make some sport with the Maid said unto the Counsellor, Looke here brother, here is a Wench with a good bigge fat paire of hanches. I sir (replied the Wench) if you had stolne as much wines into them, as I have browne out of them, they would have beene to bigge, you could scarce have covered them. At which ready and witty answer, the Counsellor most heartily laughed, and the Serjeant was much discontented.

A Souldier prest to beare a Musket.

A Rude Germane, and vntutered in the art Military, seeking seruice vnder the States of Holland, was presently admitted to choose his weapon, either Musket, Caliuer, or pike, which he pleased: demanding therefore what pay was due to a Musket-bearer: answer was made, sixe Crownes a moneth. Marry then, quoth hee, my fathers Asse would proue an excellent Souldier, for I le warrant him to carry twenty, if they be orderly laid vpon a good pack-saddle. At which the Souldiers much laughed at his simplicity.

A dying mans profer.

A Younger brother of a great house in Germany, was committed vpon an action of Robbery, and being conuicted, and sentence of death pronounced against him: he was very malecontent, wherefore the Preacher came and sought by religious perswasions to comfort him, telling him hee should bee of good cheere, for his next meales meat should be in heauen with God and all his holy Angels. Faith, quoth the Robber, I haue small appetite to any heauenly food at this time, but if you will take the dinner for mee, I will giue you twenty shillings to discharge the shot. Which caused much good laughter to all that stood by.

Mother Bunches Merriments.

The tale of the Souldier and the Barber.

IT fortuned not long since, that a Souldier comming to a Barbers shop to be trimmed, sitting in the Barbers Chair, the better to passe away the time, began to relate vnto the Barber some strange passages which in the wars he had beene a spectator of, (for he iudged the Barber by his looks to be a silly fellow.) And amongst the rest of one of his fellow Souldiers, who was so exceeding active and nimble at his weapon, that if five or eight Musketiers standing five score of grounds from him, discharged at him, hee would catch all their bullets severally vpon his Rapiers point. That was very strange, and in my iudgement beyond beleefe (quoth the Barber,) imagining it to bee a notable lie, bethought with himselfe how to requite his tale, the Barber said, Sir, wee have below in this street a Church, which being out of repaire, they had a ladder containing fifty two Rounds set against the steeple, and a labouring man going vp the said ladder, did let at every step going vp, one Fart, and two at every Round comming downe. The Souldier hearing the Barber thus flout him, rapt out a great oath, saying. Thou beastly knaue, dost thou compare Martiall feats of warre to your base horse tricks, and runnes out of the shop with his beard halfe trimmed and halfe vntrimmed into the streets, in a great fury, in so much that all the people laughed at the Souldier to see him come out of the shop so disguised.

A tale of the revenge of a Scold.

A Mad fellow newly married, had onely one young child by his wife, of some quarter old, whom he dearely & tenderly loued, but he was much giuen to good fellowship, & she altogether addicted to sparing and good huswifery: till he vsed to come merry home from the Tauerne from his boone companions, to her-

her great griefe, she being as sparing of her purse, as prodigall of her tongue, for she was little better then a Scold, would oft vpbraid him with his expences of money, and time, and to be so often drunk was prejudiciall both to his estate & bodily health, and that it were far better to spend that at home in his house, then in a Tauerne: with such Matron-like speeches, alwayes concluding her exhortations with a vow, that if euer hee came home again in the like pickle shee would (happen what would come) fling the child into the Moat, (for the house was moated round.) It happened shortly after that he reuelling till late in a cold frosty Winter euening, she hauing intelligence by her scouts where hee was, made no doubt hee would come home shortly: she commands the Infant to bee conuaid to the farther part of the house, and to wrap the Cat in the blankets, put it in the Cradle, and there sit and rocke it. Presently comes her husband, she falls to her old lesson of quarrelling with him: and hee with her, ill words begot worse, much lewd language past betwixt them. The woman suddenly steps to the Cradle, (hauing spied her aduantage) I haue long threatned thee a mischiefe, and that reuenge I cannot worke on thee (come dogges, come deuils) I will inflict on thy Brat in the Cradle, instantly snatching it vp in her armes, and ran with it to the Moat side, and flings it into the middle of the water: the poore man much affrighted, leaues to pursue her, and leapes into the water, vp in mud and water to the very chinne, crying, Saue, oh saue the child: now waded he in the Moat in a very bitter cold frost, till he brought out the Pastie, and with much paine and danger comes to the shore, and still crying, Alas my poore childe, opened the cloathes; at length the frighted Cat cryed Mew, and being at liberty leapt from betwixt his armes, and ranne away. The husband both amazed and vexed, the woman heartily laughed at her reuenge, and the poore man was glad to reconcile the difference, before she would either giue him fire or dry linnen.

The

The fooles tricke to fatten the Popes Horse.

I Haue heard it reported, that the Pope had a horse, who for many excellent qualities was by him very highly esteemed, in so much that he made good the old Proverb, Too free to bee fat: for let his Grooms vse the vtmost of their skill, yet would he not be fat, of which the Pope complaining daily to his Cardinals, Priests, and Gentlemen, in a great fury threatned his Grooms to turne them away, if they could not finde a meanes to fatten this Horse. May it please your Holinesse (quoth his Foole or Jester standing amongst the rest) I will teach you how to fatten him quickly. Let me heare thou foole (quoth the Pope) it is good sometimes to heare a foole speak, for a Fooles bolt is soone shot. May it then please your Holinesse (quoth the Jester) make him a Cardinall, for so long as they are inferiour men, they looke thin and leane; but once Cardinall, and euer after as fat as fooles.

A pretty tale of two Friers.

A Knight that had serued in the warres in France in the time of Henry the fift, and now retiring to liue in his owne Country, had to wife a vertuous and faire Lady, and hauing abundance of liuing, thought of some pious worke for his soules health, thereupon built a faire Church, joyning to his house a Monastery for twelue Friers and an Abbot, with meanes accordingly. In this Conuent were two Friers, Frier John, and Frier Richard, these were still at enmity, and could not bee reconciled. It was the custome of the Knight and his faire Lady to rise to morning Mattens, her affability and curtesie bred in Frier John a strange vncutill boldnesse, and still with duckes and cringes would attend her comming forth, and she with modesty returned thankes (nothing suspecting) which so incouraged him, that he writ a letter vnto her, setting downe a great deale of vnnecessary loue, which shee admiring, shewes her husband, who presently caused an answer to be writ, and her name

ſet to it, which did appoint Frier Iohn the next night to méete her in ſuch a chamber about midnight: which being ſent Frier Iohn reades with exceeding ioy, and prepares against the time: The time now come, away to the Chamber goes Frier Iohn, where the Knight and his man méets him, and ſtrangleth him. The déed being done, the Knight begins to thinke of the foulenesse and haynouſnesse of the fact by him, and his man committed, preſently caſts about what to doe with the body. At laſt he reſolues to carry him into the Friery, which was (as I ſaid before) at the end ioyning to his houſe. Vp his man gets the frier, and by a ladder conuayes him downe into the Monaſtery, and ſets him vpright on the houſe of office. Now Frier Richard was troubled with a great cold, which all the houſe tooke notice of, by reaſon of his often going to the ſtoole: and ſo comming by moon light (for ſo it then was) to the priuy, drawing néere, ſpyes one there before him, which hee perceiued to bee his old Aduerſary Frier Iohn. Frier Richard being in haſte, calls him away, but he would not ſtirre, hee growing angry, tooke vp a brickbat, throwes it at Frier Iohn, hits him on the breaſt, downe falls Frier Iohn all along, not ſpeaking a word, then ſteps Frier Richard to helpe him vp, and finding him ſtarke dead, ſuppoſing he had kil'd him, what ſhall he now do, the gates are faſt lockt, flye he cannot: preſently remembring the whiſpering of Frier Iohns loue to the Lady, and eſpying a ladder, caries the body into the porch of the Knights Hall. While this was doing, the Knights conſcience much perplext, calls his man to ſée if none were vp about his houſe: his man going downe into the Hall, findes in the porch the body of Frier Iohn returned, which preſently hee acquaints his Maſter with, who almoſt aſtoniſhed, reſolues to try ſome other proiect: he remembers an old ſtallion that had béene a horſe of ſeruice, now ſtanding in his ſtable, and withall an old ruſty armour hanging in his Armory, cõmands both inſtantly to be brought, with a caſe of old Piſtols, and a Lance: the horſe is ſadled and capariſond, the armour put vpon the Frier, and hee faſt bound to the ſeat, the Lance tyed to his wriſt, his headpéece claſped on, and his beaner vp, the ſkirts of his gray gowne, ſerued for Baſes: thus being compleatly armed,

med, they purpose to turne him out without either a Page or a Squire to attend him. Whilst these things were thus sitting, Frier Richard in the Monastery no lesse perplext in mind then the Knight, dreading the strictnesse of the Law, casting all his wits about, thinkes it the safest way to be gone: knowing the Miller neere hand to haue a Mare, and being himself fat of body, thought better trust to foure legges then two, got vpon the Mare, and at breake of day out at the gate goes he. Just at the same time when the Knight set forth the Knight arrant, the horse sents the Mare, and after her gallops: Frier Richard looking backe, amazed to see an armed Knight pursue him, for he might partly discerne his face by the Moone, away flyes hee through the streets, after him (or rather after the Mare) spæds the horse. With the noise the people are wakened out of their sleepes, and looke out of their windowes: it was Frier Richards ill hap to ride into Turne-againe Lane, that had no passage through, there Frier Iohn ouertakes him, and the horse mounts vpon the Mare, and with his violent motion the rusty armour makes a terrible noise, Frier Richards guilty conscience cries out guilty, guilty of the murder: at which words of murder the people being amazed, run out of their beds into the streets, they apprehend miracles, and he confessed wonders, but withall, the barbarous fact of murdering one of his owne Conuent. The grudge betweene them is knowne, Frier Iohn is dismounted and sent vnto his graue, Frier Richard to prison, he arraigned, and by his owne confession condemned. But before the execution, the Knight knowing his owne guilty conscience, posts presently to the King, makes his owne voluntary confession, hath his life and goods (for his former good seruice) pardoned him. Frier Richard is released, and the accident still remaines vpon Record.

The finding of a Cuckold, and the frighting the devill.

THere was a time when a great disputation was held in hel what this thing Cuckold should be, since all sorts of people whatsoeuer examined by Lucifer & his three infernall Iudges, denied themselues to be the same. It was therefore agreed amongst them to send one of the most ingentous deuils, by surueying the earth to finde this strange and vncouth creature, and if it were possible to bring him thither aliue. With this Commission away goes the deuill vpon the earth, and shewes himselfe in the forme of a Gallant, thrusts himself into the society of all sorts of people: the Country man knowes not what it means, the Citizen denies himself to be the man, the Souldier with oathes out-faces the name, the Lawyer will arrest him vpon an action of slander that sayes he is the man, the Courtier by no meanes will endure to be the man: in so much that the poore deuill was ready to depart to his house of darknesse: being meditating of his ill successe, at last fell into an Ordinary, where a Citizen being at dice with a company of Gentlemen, having wonne all their money, and not willing to lend it them again, one of them in great rage call'd him Cuckold, at which word the deuill grew ioyfull, hauing found the man so much desired, and said with himselfe, This is my purchase, and shalbe my prize, and bought a great bagge to put his new purchase in. To cut off circumstances, he desires to walk with him a turne or two in the fields, where drawing him into an vncouth place, he appears vnto him in an vgly hairy shape, and tels him from whence he came, and to what purpose, therefore wished him quietly to crepe into his bag: the man amazed began to struggle with the deuill, who laid violent hands vpon him. It happened that neere vnto this place a poore man was digging of grauell, there lay by the edge of the pit a lusty Mastiffe dog (which had beene a Beare dogge) seeing the Fiend and the man contend, thought (it seemes) the Fiend had beene a beast of the game, by skips the dogge to take the deuill by the throat, who presently

lets go hold to secure himselfe, and away flyes he into a Wood not farre off. The Citizen thus escaped, bee willing to make much of his preserver, goes to the man, buyes the dogge, and both of them put him into the bagge that the deuill for haste had left behinde, thinkes now to put a tricke vpon his Aduersary, imagining he would come againe by and by, which as soone as they had tied the mouth of the sack fast, stept aside, the deuill pæpes forth of the Wood, seeing the coast cleare, comes to the place, taking his sacke, and gently feeling something stir, imagined it to be the man, throws it with all joy vpon his neck, and downe sinkes he to Don Pintoes Court, where no sooner come, but his returne was rumoured in hell, a Synod called, where Lucifer seated himself in his wonted state, with all his Iudges, Princes, and officers about him in expectation of this object so much desired: presently summons are made, and the messenger appeares before them with his bagge at his backe, or rather on his neck, and commanded to discouer this strange sight: the sack vntide, out flies the dogge among them, who seeing so many vgly creatures, thought he had bin among the Beares in Paris Garden, but spying Lucifer to be the greatest, and most ill-fauoured amongst them, first leapes at him, then at the rest, which soeuer stood next him, away flyes the deuills, euery one shifts for himself, the Sessions are dissolued, the bench and bale dock cleared, that euer since that time the very name of a Cuckold hath bin so terrible vnto them, that they had rather entertaine into their sad dominions twenty of their wiues, then any that so much as hath the name or character of a Cuckold.

How the Welchman stole a Bull.

THere was a Welchman that wanting money, and not knowing how to come honestly by it, going through a pasture, there stood in his way a Bull with a cut taile, it came into his mind that he had better driue that Bull to the Faire, (for there was a Beast-Faire but fiue miles off) and there to make money of him, then to play the Theefe and steale. But one thing troubled him much, which was, lest the owner should pursue him, and then he might pap to look through a hempen window, therefore hee procured a beasts taile, and very cunningly fastned it to the Bull, so that he had a very faire taile: so to the Faire he driues him, and takes vp his place vpon the Riuers banke. But the Market proued so slow, that the owner came before he had sold him, and viewing the Bull well, said to a neighbour of his, Had this Bull a cut taile I would sweare it was my Bull, which the Welsh man hearing, said to him, Sir will you sweare this is your Bull? Sure said the owner, if hee had a cut taile I should sweare it. I will try that, quoth the Welchman, and presently hee steps to the Bull, and with his sword cuts off his taile aboue the place where he had fastned the false taile, and so throwes it into the Riuer, saying, Now sir, will you sweare it is your Bull? The man seeing the Bull bleed extreamly, was afraid, and away he went, leauing the Welchman to make the best he could of his Bull.

FINIS.